

We Belong by HotPinkRose

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, F/F, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Henderson!Reader, Reader-Insert, You're Dustin's sister in the first oneshot, and any of its sequels, requests open

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Reader, Steve Harrington, Will Byers, You

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Reader, Billy Hargrove/You, Jim "Chief" Hopper/Reader, Jim "Chief" Hopper/You, Jonathan Byers/Reader, Jonathan Byers/You, Nancy Wheeler/Reader, Nancy Wheeler/You, Steve Harrington/Reader, Steve Harrington/You

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-14

Updated: 2017-12-02

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:07:45

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 10

Words: 17,376

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A collection of reader insert one-shots of various ratings, currently only going up to T+. Requests open.

Will do smut, but ****not**** for any minors. May consider doing fluffy/platonic/angsty requests for the kids.

1. Lost & Found - slight/implied Henderson!Reader/Steve
2. Four Puffs 1/2 - Henderson!Reader/Steve
3. Happy Together 1/2 - Steve/Reader
4. When Doves Cry - Steve/Reader NSFW/NC-17
5. Of Stars and Trapper Keepers - Steve/Reader

1. Lost and Found (slight Steve/Henderson!Reader)

Summary - You're F/N Henderson, or N/N for short. Your rabbit goes missing. Steve and the Original Party(tm) help you find her.

* - not canon. I thought it rolled off the tongue, though.

“Dustin! Where's Pepper?” you call through the house, looking for your pet bunny.

“I-I have no idea where she is, N/N.”

You run your hair through your unruly curls, annoyed that your brother has no idea where your beloved rabbit is. “I can't go out until I know she's safe, Dusty. Especially after Mews disappeared a few months ago. I don't want that to happen to my baby.”

Dustin walks up to you and pats your shoulder lightly. “I'll help you look for her until Steve gets here, okay?”

“You and Harrington are getting awfully chummy, huh, Dusty?”

Your brother nods, his curls bouncing. “He's really badass--”

“*Language*, Dusty.”

“--Sorry. He's really cool. I used to think he was a jerk, but he's actually really nice.”

“Well, maybe Mr. Nice Guy can help find Pepper when he gets here.”

“But we were gonna play DnD here with the guys.”

“*Steve Harrington* plays DnD, Dustin? *Seriously?* You know we don't lie in this house.”

Dustin's voice gets a whiny tone to it. “*He's* not gonna play. Steve's just babysitting, because you and Mom are out tonight. Or at least you're *supposed* to be.”

“What kind of eighth grader needs a babysitter, Dustin?”

“Look, Steve's my *friend*, okay?”

You sigh. Ever since your dad passed away, Dustin has had a sincere lack of any real male figure in his life. For a while, now, he has leaned on his science teacher a bit much. Maybe Steve Harrington is a good alternative.

“Yeah, okay. Maybe I'll stay in tonight.”

“Oh my *God*, don't threaten me like that, N/N!”

Your face falls. “I wasn't threatening. I thought it might be fun. You used to *want* me to play Dungeons and Dragons with you guys.”

“But you're gonna make me look so uncool in front of Steve!”

“What's uncool about me?!”

“Have you *seen* the way you dress, N/N? You dress like you just stepped out of 1975. It's 1985, and you're a high school senior. Not a mom!”

“Wow, okay. Hurtful.” You're only slightly joking. His words had hit a little bit harshly. Are you really that uncool?

“I-I'm sorry, N/N. I didn't mean that. I'm just...you're *you*, and Steve is *Steve*. He's a really cool friend to have, and I really don't want to lose him for any reason, you know?”

“Fine, whatever. As soon as I find Pepper, I'll be out of your hair, okay Dusty? Then you won't have to worry about me embarrassing you.” You stick your tongue out at your baby brother (you can't call him your little brother, anymore, because he shot up by nearly a foot during Christmas break!).

“Just in case he shows up, can you, like, put your hair up or something?”

“Why, what's wrong with my hair?” you ask, a tone of warning laced through your voice.

“Nothing...I just think you look really pretty when your hair is up, with some of your curls around your face.”

A grin lights up your face at your brother's sweet words. “You're such a little charmer. You're gonna be a heartbreaker, Dustin Allen* Henderson, you know that?”

Ruining the sweet moment, your brother does his infamous growl. “Dammit, Dusty. I take it back. You need to quit that shit. Anyway, can you go look under the couches and stuff while I put up my hair?”

Your brother nods, so you head off to the bathroom you share with your mother and sit down at your shared vanity. Maybe you can even wear a little bit of makeup. Actually...you know what? If your brother is so convinced you dress for the wrong decade, you're going to prove him wrong, dammit.

After you've brushed your hair into a quick ponytail, carefully leaving some curls around your face, as Dustin suggested, you run to your bedroom and pick out the trendiest clothes you own. They just so happen to be overalls that you choose to pair with a thin, brown belt, and a nicely fitting white crop top. Scrunching your face, you also elect to wear some bright pink hoops, because, God dammit, you are a trendy 18 year old young lady, not a *mom*.

Bringing the clothes to your bathroom, you quickly change into them and put on some light makeup. You double-check your hair and makeup, making sure your appearance works well.

“N/N! Where are you? The guys and Steve are here! You can leave.”

You roll your eyes and head to the living room. “Thing is, dipshit, I can't leave without knowing where Pepper is. Have you found her, yet?” When you walk into the living room, you're met with stunned silence and wide eyes from all the males in the room.

“What the hell are you wearing, F/N?” It's rare that your brother uses your actual name, so he must really be shocked.

“Well, you told me that I dress like a loser, so I decided to actually dress up for once.”

“Aren't you just going to the library to study?”

You shrug. “Who says I can't dress up to go study, shitbag? Hey, guys. No girls tonight?”

Mike shakes his head. “Jane is... *studying* with Hopper, and Max got grounded for getting detention.”

“Um, you could...study here, keep me company while these losers play Dragons and Dungeons,” says *the* Steve Harrington, looking at you with an indecipherable expression.

“Dustin said I'm not cool enough for you guys, though,” you say, sticking your tongue out teasingly at your brother.

“Oh my *God*, N/N, this is why!” Your brother's face is turning bright red, and you can't help but laugh at him. However, you're quickly brought back to reality.

“Actually, I can't do anything until I find my rabbit. Boys, have you seen Pepper?”

The kids respond with a chorus of nos and shaking heads. You sigh, feeling deflated. What if she got crushed under a piece of furniture, or something? You *knew* you should have replaced her cage, instead of letting her get away with a loose cage door.

Steve looks up, suddenly. “What does, uh, Pepper look like?”

“She's white, with brown patches. Floppy ears. 'Bout this big.” You hold your hand out a few inches.

“Oh shit! Yeah I saw a rabbit like that!”

“Seriously? You're a lifesaver, Steve! Where did you see her?”

“She was hopping around in your front yard. Um...she ran away when I drove up, though.”

You bite your lip, trying to hold back tears. “Domestic rabbits can't survive in the wild. I've gotta go find her!”

Without waiting for a response from anyone, you slip your sneakers on and grab your coat, bracing for the early February weather. Luckily, there hasn't been much snow, so you don't have to worry about your baby being camouflaged by it.

Clicking your tongue in a sound you know she'll recognize, you begin slowly traversing your front yard. *Come on, Pepper*, you think. *Where are you?*

"Want some help?" someone suddenly asks you, tapping on your shoulder lightly.

You turn around, only to see four boys staring at you sheepishly, Steve standing behind them, looking almost...smug. If you were to hazard a guess, you would be willing to bet your limited money from working at Burger Bob's that Steve Harrington had put them up to this.

"Yeah, I'd like that. Thank you, guys. You remember what she looks like?" Your brother's friends nod in unison, wandering off.

After a moment, you turn to your classmate. "Thank you for putting them up to this. I'm not sure how you managed to pull them away from DnD, but I appreciate it, Steve."

The boy flushes – whether from the cold or your words, you can't be sure – as he runs a hand through his *absolutely perfect* hair. "Don't mention it. You looked really sad, F/N –"

"N/N," you say gently, correcting him.

He coughs quietly. "N/N. Anyway, I just wanted to be able to help, and I can't leave those kids unsupervised. Mrs. Byers would kick my ass."

You nod. "Yeah, she's super overprotective of Will, these days. Thanks again, Steve. I'm gonna go keep looking."

"Sure. I will, too." He smiles gently down at you.

Twenty minutes later, Steve comes running up to you, a squirming bundle in his arms. You run to meet him, taking the rabbit out of his

arms, tears springing to your eyes.

“Oh...Oh my goodness. Steve. Where'd you find her?” Before you can answer, you whisper comforting words to your rabbit. A moment later, you look up to see his bewildered face. “Steve Harrington, I could kiss you right now. You just saved my rabbit's life. You're literally my favorite person in the world, right now.”

2. Four Puffs (1/2) Henderson!Reader/Steve

Summary for the Chapter:

mikeygc3000 (mikeygc3000.tumblr.com) said:
Could you write one where you're Dustin's older sister and all the kids can tell that you and Steve are in love but are in denial so they set up a blind date by tricking you and Steve and you both end up together in the end???? And lots of fluff???? (P.s I just found your blog and I'm in love with it)

"Dustin, where the Hell is my hair spray? Did you steal it to do your hair again?" You shout through the house.

"Language, F/N!" your dad yells at you. It's not often that he's home, considering he travels for work, and when he is home, you have to fight the urge to roll your eyes every time he opens his mouth.

"Dad. He keeps stealing my hairspray and using, like, all of it. And the little shithead never *asks* first!"

"*F/N!* One more outburst like that, and you won't be going out tonight!" Your dad looks over his newspaper at you, an eyebrow raised.

"Sorry, Dad. Do you know where Dustin is, by any chance?"

"Dusty's over at Will's house."

"You couldn't have told me that *before* I started yelling for him?"

Your dad folds the newspaper on his lap. "I didn't have the chance, missy. Just call Joyce. I'm sure she can get him on the phone for you."

Your battle against the eye rolls is futile, this time. Instead of even gracing your father with a response, you just grab your keys and a scrunchie, tossing your unruly hair up lackadaisically while holding your keys in your teeth.

“Be back before dinner, F/N! Your mom’s cooking meatloaf!” your dad calls behind you.

“Kay, Dad!” You slam the door behind you, jogging to your beat up ’68 VW Beetle.

She is your baby, but shit if she hasn’t seen better days. Your seats are stained, and the engine makes this weird sound, if you drive Becky the Beetle for more than about twenty minutes at a time. One of these days, she’s going to crap out on you, and fuck if that day doesn’t terrify you. Who bikes to school at eighteen years old?

It takes you roughly three minutes of driving to arrive at the Byers’ residence, and you thank every god you can think of when you see your baby brother’s bike outside on the lawn, thrown there while he was obviously in a rush. What you *don’t* expect is to see Steve Harrington’s brown BMW in the driveway.

However, when you see that Joyce’s and Jonathan’s cars are both gone, it makes more sense. He must be playing babysitter for the thirteen year olds again. With a sigh, you go up to the door and knock, knowing that you’re about to embarrass the hell out of yourself in front of Steve, considering you’re in exercise clothes – leggings, leg warmers, and a ratty sweatshirt. All over your petty need for hairspray.

You raise your brow when it’s your brother who opens the door. “Oh *shit*.”

“Hey, Dustin. Wanna let me in?” Your tone of voice brooks no argument.

“I can explain, F/N, I swear.”

“What can you explain, Dustin?”

“I didn’t realize I still had your hairspray in my bag, and you have the Farrah Fawcett spray, and you know they discontinued it, and I really like your hairspray, because it’s better than Aquanet, and – “

You follow your brother through the Byers’ residence. In the living room, his friends are sitting around a table, playing Dunces and

Diapers, or whatever the hell the stupid game is called. In the corner, a bottle of Coke in his hand, sits Steve Harrington, whose eyes meet yours as soon as you walk in the room.

“Well, Dusty?” you ask, your voice suddenly saccharine sweet. Your brother gives you an incredulous look at your impromptu change in demeanor. “Where’s my hair spray?”

“I can’t believe you needed it so bad that you actually came all the way out here,” your brother mutters under his breath as he digs through his backpack. “interrupting our game and shit.”

After a moment, he hands you the bottle of Fabergé Organics hair spray, which you immediately notice is nearly empty. “What the hell, Dustin? You used all of it! Do you know how hard this shit is to find?”

He looks down at his feet, biting his lip. “I’m sorry, F/N.”

“I had a date tonight, but I guess I’ll have to cancel. Aquanet sucks.”

“You, uh, you had a date, F/N?” Steve suddenly speaks up, and you glance over at him.

“Yeah, it wasn’t anything crazy, but Billy Hargrove seems like a nice enough guy.”

The redheaded girl, Max, gags audibly. “Billy is a shitstain of a human being. What are you talking about?”

“He really is, F/N. You shouldn’t go out with him. Did you know he beat up Steve?” Your brother is nodding emphatically with Max, his eyes wide.

You raise an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Yeah, he was defending Lucas! Billy’s a terrible person, F/N. You should cancel that date and just hang out with us tonight.”

“Fine, Dustin. I’ll take your word for it, this time. Hey, Will, where’s your phone?”

The Byers boy points you towards a wall handset, and you connect with the operator quickly, asking for the Hargrove residence.

“Hello?” A woman, whom you presume to be Billy’s stepmom and Max’s mom, answers the phone.

“Is this Billy Hargrove’s house?”

“Yes, it is. One second. Billy!”

A moment later, Billy’s on the line, and though you’re not particularly interested in the boy – aside from his obvious physical appeal – your heart skips a beat at how charming he can be. “Hargrove residence, Billy speaking.”

“Hey Billy, it’s F/N Henderson.”

“Oh, hey, babe. What’s up? I’m still picking you up at 8 to see *Ladyhawke*, right?”

“Actually, no. A bit of a family emergency came up. Sorry, Billy.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, what?”

“Yeah, sorry. Our, uh...cat went missing again. My mom loves that kitten, so Dustin and I have to look for her.”

“Just tell her that you’re looking with me, F/N.”

“I really can’t do that to my mom, Billy.”

Steve comes up to you, hearing the tension in your voice. *You okay?* he mouths towards you. You just nod, your mouth pursed.

“Fine. Forget about rescheduling, though. I can get a more attractive whore at Hawkins High.”

“Excuse me? What the fuck did you just call me, Hargrove?”

“A whore. Everyone knows you’re fucking Harrington.”

You glance over at Steve, embarrassed that he’s going to witness what you’re about to say. “I am *not* fucking Steve Harrington,

asshole. And you're right. We're not rescheduling. Get bent, shitbag."

You slam the handset back onto the hook, actually shaking through the force of your anger. "Dustin, come on, we're going home."

"Wait, what? But I don't need to be home until dinner."

You give your brother a Look. "Please, let's just go."

"Let him stay, F/N. Why don't you stay, too?" Steve asks, in a placating voice.

You bite your lip. "I need to be alone for a bit. I was hoping my brother would be there for me, but I fucking guess not. I'm going home Dustin. Dad says to be home by dinner."

There's a fierce migraine brewing in the left side of your head right now, and you just want to take a bath and ignore the world. Careful not to slam Joyce's front door, you jog to your car, however your beloved Becky the Beetle won't start. You turn your key in the ignition seven or eight times before slamming your forehead onto your steering wheel. This cannot be happening to you right now.

Giving up, you walk back into the Byers' living room, much to the shock of everyone there. Steve is the first one to break the silence. "Change your mind then, Henderson?"

You sigh. "My car's not starting, so I'm stuck here. Maybe you guys can help me push start it?"

"Can we do it after our game, F/N?" your brother asks.

Once again, you sigh. "Yeah, I guess. I'll just go...sit with Steve, I guess. Enjoy or whatever."

You collapse on the Byers couch next to Steve, who glances over at you. "You can't tell anyone this," he whispers.

"What?"

"I...have a few spare bottles of the Farrah Fawcett spray. Is that what you use?"

Your eyes widen. “Wait, really?”

He smirks gently at your excitement. “Yeah, I do. I can bring a bottle over to your house tomorrow, so you have it for school on Monday.”

“Oh my gosh, Steve, you’re the best!” You lean over and give him a hug, forgetting, for a moment, that you’re not looking your best.

He blushes slightly, his smirk turning into a shy smile. “Glad to help, F/N.”

3. Happy Together 1/2 (Steve Harrington/Reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

“Anonymous said:

Hi if you're still open to requests, could you do something with Steve Harrington? I just binge watched the whole show this weekend so I'm kinda feeling a storyline where a girl who's a cheerleader and has always been jealous that Steve never recognized her. But after one of his games, there's a huge party and he maybe ends up helping her when she gets too drunk? Or they just fall asleep together? Idk I'm being extremely vague haha”

A/N: I changed the plot from your request slightly, because I initially misread it and missed the part about the party being after one of Steve's games.

Hope you don't mind, anon!

Next part will likely be filled with sin.

“Come on, F/N! You have to go to Tina's end-of-year party! We're seniors, now. This is our last high school party!”

You roll your eyes at Cindy; she's constantly talking about how this, that, or the other is going to be the “last high school ____.” And, to be fair, it probably is. Your last day of school is in two months, and Senior Prom is in two weeks. Of course, Tina's last blowout will be tomorrow night, because this is the last time her parents will be out of town for the school year.

“I don't have a date, yet, Cin.”

“So? You're *cheer captain*, F/N! You could get anyone you wanted at this school. I bet you could finally get a date with *Steve Harrington*.”

“What, so you want me to pull a Sadie Hawkins?”

“Well, I mean, what's wrong with that? Girl power and shit, F/N.”

You roll your eyes once again and slam your locker shut. “Steve Harrington doesn’t even know who I am, Cin. Somehow I’ve managed to escape his radar for 18 years.”

Cindy pops a bubble of her gum and shifts her textbooks to her other arm to give you a supportive pat on the shoulder. “You’re basically the queen of this school, honey. Just ask a random guy, if you don’t think Steve will go with you.”

Out of nowhere, resident hunk, Billy Hargrove, walks up and corners you and Cindy against some random lockers. “Did I hear that you need a date to Tina’s party, F/N?”

He gives you a charming smile and winks at you as he waits for your response. Instead of deigning to respond to him, you just flip him the bird. Your little brother, Dennis, had told you exactly how terrible Billy is to kids his age – and he is only a seventh grader. If Billy is okay treating a bunch of 12 year olds like shit, he will probably treat you like shit, too.

Cindy gasps and stops, apologizing profusely to the attractive, younger boy, as you just continue to your final class of the day. She’ll catch up later. If not, she’s more than welcome to go on a date with Billy – you’ve already told her exactly how you feel about the asshole, but she can’t see past his nice body. Sometimes, you just have to let your friends make their own mistakes.

After suffering through Anatomy, you stop off once more at your locker, only to hear Cindy and Bethany squeal directly in your ears. “Billy asked Cindy to Tina’s party, F/N! Isn’t that amazing?”

You offer a strained smile towards the sophomore. “That’s great, Beth.”

“You *have* to go to Tina’s party, now, F/N! That way you can make sure Cin doesn’t do anything stupid,” Beth whispers in your ear, while Cindy talks excitedly about going out with ‘the sexiest guy at Hawkins High’.

You bite your lip. Beth is probably right. Cindy may not be the brightest crayon in the box, but she’s a sweet girl, and you wouldn’t

want her to get taken advantage of or hurt by Billy in any way. This *does* mean you're going to be a total loser at the party, though, which is definitely a blow to your ego.

"Cindy," you say, interrupting your dear best friend. "I'll go to the party, too. Andddd, so is Beth!"

Bethany gives you an offended look, because you have just ruined her Saturday night in re-watching old VHS tapes. "Uh, yeah! We'll go for moral support, Cin!"

Cindy giggles loudly and obnoxiously, causing you already tight smile to further strain. She just hugs the two of you. "You'll have to stay over at my place tonight, so we can do makeovers and get dressed together, tomorrow. Maybe we can pre-game a little bit. My mom's out of town, so her liquor is basically a free-for-all."

Saturday night rolls around, and you find yourself already tipsy at 7 o'clock at night, though the party doesn't start for another hour.

"I wear my sunglasses at night~~" you sing along to the Corey Hart song, giggling all the while.

Beth is doing the same, using a hairbrush as a microphone, which you, for some reason, find utterly hilarious.

"Don't switch a blade on a guy in shades, oh no!" Cindy laughs as she screams the next lyric along with the two of you, putting her giant, pink hoops on. "F/N! Wear some bright pink lipstick! It'll look so good with your skin tone!"

"Are you sure?"

"Definitely! Hot pink is so in right now! Queen F/N has to look badass, babe!"

You and your two best friends spend the next hour and a half loudly and tipsily singing along to various top forty hits from the last few years, as you get dressed and take Polaroids of one another. A little while later, Billy Hargrove drives up and gives a peeved look when he realizes he's driving not one but *three* young ladies to Tina's party. Before he has the chance to say anything, though, Cindy whispers

something in his ear and runs her hand down his thing, which you pretend not to notice, because ew.

Fifteen minutes later, Billy parks his car, and you tumble out of the car, leading Beth directly to Tina's kitchen. After seeing Cindy's display in the car, you feel the need to wash it all away with something strong.

"To getting fucking wasted," you say, clinking your plastic cup against Beth's. Beth gives you a wary look before downing her drink at the same pace as you.

You refill your plastic cup then head to the dance floor. "Oh my God, F/N, is that you?"

"Oh, hey, Nancy," you slur. "How's it hangin'?"

"Pretty good. Are you okay?"

"Doing great! Let's dance, Nance!" You giggle at your rhyme, and your acquaintance gives you another look of concern.

You and Nancy Wheeler have never been friends – especially after she started dating Steve. You started to really dislike her, especially after how she dumped the boy at Tina's Halloween party a few months ago...However, you've never had any open animosity towards her.

To your drunken surprise, Nancy actually starts laughing and dancing with you, as you both belt out the lyrics to "Obsession" by Animotion. After a moment, though, your cup is empty, and you yell to the girl that you're getting another drink. She hands you her cup, asking you to get her some more spiked punch, too.

However, by the time you bring it to her, already halfway through your own cup of punch, a very slow, romantic song has come on the giant boombox. Nancy is dancing with her boyfriend, very closely, and you don't feel comfortable intruding, so you just take her drink for your own and go stand next to a wall.

After a moment, Beth joins you. "F/N, are you okay? I think you should slow down on drinking, babe."

“M fine, Bethy-girl. Jus’ gonna stand here and drink away my mishery. Can’ belieeeeeeeve I let chu and Shindy talk me into comin’ to thish shtupid partyyyy. You guys are terrible friends.”

Beth’s face scrunches up in concern. “Stay here, F/N, okay? I’m going to go find somebody to help you, because I seriously don’t know how to deal with you like this.”

You just shrug nonchalantly at her and continue downing Nancy’s drink, since yours is long-finished, as you bob to the beat of whatever Top 40 hit Tina has blaring throughout her house.

“She’s over here.” Beth’s voice suddenly resounds over the music. With her she has none other than Steve Harrington, though you don’t have the capability to be embarrassed, for once.

“F/N, are you okay?” he asks you, a concerned look on his *perfect* face.

“I’m doing greeeeeat, now that you’re here, Shteeeeeeve.”

“I’m so sorry that she’s this drunk. You seemed like the only sober guy here, and I just –”

Steve cuts Beth off. “Don’t worry about it. Come on, F/N, why don’t we go outside and get some air, okay?” He puts your arm around his shoulder, before tearing Nancy’s cup away from you and handing it to Beth, some liquor-filled punch sloshing out.

“I...I didn’t know you knew my name, Shteeeeeeve.”

“What? Of course I know your name, F/N. You’re the head cheerleader. The cheer *leader*.” Steve chuckles at his own joke, which you nearly fall over laughing from.

“Oh my Gooooood, I’ve been wishhhing you’d notish me for years.”

Steve carefully sits you down on Tina’s porch, sitting next to you, so you can lean on his shoulder. He looks down at you, carefully. “What do you mean, you wish I’d noticed you?”

“I’ve baaaaaaaaaasically been in love with you since we were 12.”

He coughs in surprise. "I'm sure you don't mean that. You're really drunk, right now."

You lean up, to the best of your ability. "No! I mean it, Steve Harrington! I've...I've wanted to be your girlfrien' for aaaaaaages."

"We, uh, we should have this conversation when you're more sober, F/N, okay? I promise we'll talk about this, when you're not drunk."

"Ooookay. What's yer favorite color, Steeeeve? I like pink."

He chuckles. "Pink's nice. I'm more of a green or blue kinda guy, myself."

"My favorite aminal is a giraffe. Have you seen their necks? Holy shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit."

"I like dogs."

"Pets don't *count*, Steve! Hasta be a zoo aminal."

His shoulders shake from the force of his laughter. "Okay. My favorite zoo *aminal* is a penguin. Their waddles are super cute."

"You like cute things?"

"I mean, yeah, but don't tell anyone."

You look him in the eye, making yourself as serious as you can manage. "I would never tell a soul, Steve. Promise."

He just smiles at you. "You feeling a little bit better?"

"Yeah. I'm still drunk, but the air is helping. Did you come to the party alooone?"

"Yup! King Steve has fallen."

"S'okay. I have, too. Y'know Billy Hargrove aksed me to the party, but then when I said no, he immediately aksed Cindy. Does that make her a bad friend for saying yes?"

"Depends. Do you like Billy?"

You get offended. “Of course not! You’re the only one for me, Steve!”

Steve bites back a grin and holds his arm out. “Come here.”

You smile in return, as you snuggle up into him, pretending to be far colder than you actually are.

4. When Doves Cry Steve Harrington/Reader NSFW

Summary for the Chapter:

SUPER nsfw.

(i'm so sorry joe keery)

You look Steve in the eye, a surge of nerves bursting through you.
“Steve, I have a question for you.”

“Okay, shoot. What’s up?”

“You know I’m...*inexperienced*, right?”

His brow furrows. “Right?”

“Will you...help remedy that issue for me?”

He sputters. “Are...are you asking me to –”

“I want you to take my virginity, Steve. Please. I trust you more than I trust anyone else on the planet.”

The older male just stares at you, blank-faced. After a moment of his silence, you feel insecurity rush through your veins. Biting your lips, you avoid his gaze. “You...you don’t have to, if you don’t feel comfortable. I just feel like I’m too old to still be a virgin. My sister keeps telling me that I’m going to die alone, if I don’t, you know, know what I’m doing and –”

“I’ll do it, if you really want me to.”

Your eyes widen. “Are you sure?”

“Only if you are.”

You nod, grabbing your best friend’s hand and leading him to your bedroom, thankful that your parents are visiting your sister and her husband in Indianapolis for the weekend. His eyes widen when you close the door behind him.

“You...you meant right now?”

“Is that okay?”

He licks his lips nervously, rubbing the back of his neck. “Do you have, you know, condoms, or anything?”

Nodding your head, once again, you feel a sudden wave of shyness. “So, uh, how do we go about this, Harrington?”

He walks over to you quietly, standing his full 5’11” over your rather shorter stature. Your eyes meet his as his large hand cups your left cheek, his fingers brushing your neck and earlobe. Steve’s brown eyes flick between your own and your lips.

His voice takes on a gravelly quality. “Can I kiss you?”

Your voice isn’t obeying you, so you just nod, and he smirks gently down at you before licking his lips and pressing his lips to yours. On instinct, your eyes flutter shut, and you respond tentatively to the kiss. Steve’s tongue gently presses against the seam of your lips, and you open your mouth to him, allowing your tongue to engage his in contest.

His arms wrap around your shoulders and waist, as he pulls his lips from yours. He pecks your lips gently once, before pulling away completely and grinning boyishly down at you. Bashfully, you smile up at him.

“That was...nice,” you say, after a moment.

Steve gives you his trademark raised-eyebrow, shit-eating grin. “Just nice, F/N?”

Hearing him joke reminds you that Steve Harrington isn’t just any guy – he’s your best friend of nearly twenty years, and much of the tension and fear leaves your body. With an evil grin, you push him down on your bed.

He grunts out a laugh. “Feisty, feisty,” he says, before pulling you down on top of him, your legs straddling his waist. Your hair creates a veil around your faces.

All at once, the situation you're in becomes all the more real, but instead of freezing up, like you thought you would, you lean down and press a kiss on the corner of his mouth. Before you can fully pull away, his hand tangles in the hair at the back of your head and presses you down, melding your mouth to his.

This kiss is far more heated than your previous kiss, and you feel your heart begin to race. Your hands find their way to Steve's hair, and you begin lightly scratching his scalp, which causes him to moan quietly into your mouth. The sound causes a surprising surge of heat to your center, and you subconsciously grind your hips into his.

After a few moments, Steve pulls away to breathe. "Holy *shit*, F/N. I thought you said you didn't know what you were doing."

You bite your kiss-swollen lip. "What do you mean?"

He rolls the two of you over, using his forearms to hold him up, as he brushes hair out of your face. "Don't worry about it."

He gives you a questioning look as his hands stray towards the top buttons of your blouse. Swallowing the words you want to say, you give him a firm nod. As he unbuttons your shirt, he begins kissing the side of your neck, as your breath comes out in small pants. When he reaches a point right behind your ear, near the point where your neck and shoulder meet, you jerk, a groan ripping itself from your chest.

You can feel Steve smile widely, before he focuses more fiercely on that spot, sucking a bruise onto it, nipping it lightly, and licking it afterwards to alleviate some of the stinging. He pulls away, when your blouse is fully unbuttoned, sitting up to pull his Polo over his head. You follow him, kissing his chest as soon as it's visible.

When you graze his nipple with your teeth, he gasps, causing you to smile slightly, before you do the same to its twin. He rubs comforting circles into your lower back and hips as you trail kisses upwards, up his chest and his neck, until you reach his lips again. When you go in to kiss him, he lets out a breathless laugh and grasps your bottom lip between his teeth, tugging gently.

You wrap your arms around his neck, pressing your bra-clothed chest

against his bare torso as closely as possible. His arms wind around your back, in turn, his hand playing with the tail ends of your hair. As your tongues entangle, you feel him trace around your bra clasp a bit, before he expertly pops it open.

When you pull away to breathe, he slowly pulls down your bra straps, maintaining eye contact with you all the while, making sure he's able to detect any nervousness or caution in your expression. However, though you're shy, you very much want this. Steve gently presses you back until you lie down, before he trails open-mouthed kisses down the front of your throat, until he reaches your breasts. He glances into your eyes, a comforting smile on his face, before he cups them in his large hands and massages them gently. Still cupping them, he also pinches your nipples between his pointers and thumbs, causing you to moan quietly.

Suddenly, he runs his fingers down your sides, causing you to giggle breathlessly. "Ticklish, huh?"

Your voice cracks when you speak, sounding far more gravelly than you've ever heard your voice before. "Just a little bit, yeah."

Steve's face darkens in sinful promise when he hears your voice, before he grasps you by the hips and pulls your center towards his hips. Your eyes widen when you feel the evidence of his arousal between your legs, and you feel your pulse quicken. He licks his lips, before he, once again, leans down to press his lips almost chastely against yours.

You chase his mouth when he pulls away, but he just rubs his nose against yours in an Eskimo kiss, a small smile on his face. He kisses your forehead, before moving lower, his hands coming back up to your chest. Once again glancing up at you to make sure you are comfortable, he begins tracing your left areola with the tip of his tongue, and you surge up, pressing your chest into his face.

"Someone's sensitive," he says teasingly, before pressing down to suckle on your nipple lightly.

The surge of pleasure and heat through your body keeps you from being able to formulate a response. Instead, you just tightly grab his

hair, your hips subconsciously gyrating against Steve's own, which he reciprocates, the two of you quickly creating a smooth rhythm.

After a few moments, he detaches from your nipple before blowing cold air onto it, watching it harden. He gently flicks it, watching with interest as your breasts jiggle from your stuttering breaths. His fingers continue to play with your nipple, as he focuses his mouth's attentions on the previously ignored breast.

With his unoccupied hand, he unbuttons your jeans, slowly unzipping them. When they're loosened, he sits up, forcing you to let go of his hair. "Is this okay?"

You nod, not trusting your voice. He grins at you, before leaning down to blow a raspberry into your belly, right at your navel. When he tugs at the top of your jeans, you lift your hips for him, so he can remove them from you. Carelessly, he tosses your jeans somewhere across the room, to join your shirt and bra.

As he moves down the bed, he kicks off his own jeans, sighing in relief, when the pressure on his hardness is lessened. Steve winks at you before putting his hands around your thighs and leaning in to press small, open-mouthed kisses up and down your inner thighs.

You can hear your heartbeat pulsing through your body, the heat coursing through your veins near impossible to bear. Though you don't understand exactly what it is you want, you groan out a *please* to your best friend, your hands tangling once again into his hair.

He groans against your thigh before nuzzling your womanhood through your thin panties. "You're so wet, F/N. Is this all for me?"

"Y-yes," you stutter.

You feel him smile against your thigh. "I'm going to take them off, now, okay? Let me make you feel good, baby."

Your eyes widen at the pet name. "O-okay."

He pulls away quickly to carefully pull your panties down your legs. "Do you want me to, too?"

You nod. In response, Steve flashes you a bashful grin, pulling his briefs down as well, tossing them and your panties across your room. As an afterthought, he pulls off his socks and throws them somewhere. You lick your lips in anticipation when you see him. Though you have no point of reference, you're pretty sure he's average or better in size, and you are quite curious to both taste him and feel him inside you – though you *are* a bit nervous about how it's going to feel at first.

He sees the look on your face and leans down, pressing a kiss to your cheek. "We'll go slow, don't worry. And I'm gonna prep you, so it doesn't hurt. Promise." He holds out his pinkie for you to link with his.

"Now, let me make you feel good, okay?"

Meeting his eyes, you lick your lips and nod. He travels back down the bed, kissing you the entire way – your neck, to your chest, to your stomach – even licking into your belly button – around your hips. You jerk when you feel his hot breath hit your unclothed center. Steve makes eye contact with you, as he presses an open kiss directly against your opening.

His arms wind back around your thighs, holding you in place, as he traces shapes along your outer lips. Having never felt anything like this before, you feel your legs shaking. In fact, you're on the verge of tears from how intense the feelings you're experiencing are. The man between your legs rubs comforting circles into the flesh of your thighs with his thumbs. Even so, you still find yourself crying out every few moments from the intensity of the things you're feeling.

Soon, he moves his focus to your clit, tracing various things onto the little nub. As he feels your reaction, he adjusts slightly, moving to have his left arm over the top of your hips, so he can use his right hand. As he suckles on your clit, he traces around your opening with his middle finger. Careful not to hurt you, he slowly inserts his middle finger.

He pulls his mouth away from you. "I'm gonna stretch you out a bit, okay?"

You just nod, catching your breath. You've experimented with your own fingers, before, but even two of your fingers are only slightly larger than his one finger. Steve changes his angle slightly each time he thrusts his finger, until he finds a spot that makes you shout his name and grip his arm, your eyes clenched shut.

He grins, changing his approach to swirl his finger around that one spot for a few moments, causing you to nearly see white from the pleasure you're experiencing. A moment later, he pulls his middle finger out, to add his pointer into the mix. The speed of his thrusts is varied, sometimes slow, sometimes fast, and with absolutely no warning, your entire body seizes up, your orgasm hitting you with the force of a truck.

Steve nuzzles into your neck, whispering sweet nothings about how beautiful you are and how amazing you feel, helping you ride out your orgasm on his fingers. When your hips finally stop thrusting, he carefully withdraws his fingers and licks them clean. He kisses you, allowing you to taste yourself on his lips, which is something you never would have thought would be erotic, but holy *shit*.

Steve goes through your bedside drawer and laughs when he finds your box of condoms, taking one out of the package.

"I...I want to take care of you, too," you say, before he has the chance to roll the condom down his length.

"You don't have to, baby." You're quickly deciding that Steve's voice sounds best when it's deep and rough, like this.

"I want to."

Steve hisses as you push him to sit down. You kiss him quickly before you bend over his lap, your butt sticking up in the air. Tentatively, you trail your tongue around the tip of his cock, licking up a bead of precum. The taste isn't great, but you're not about to wimp out so early into this experience.

You feel him grab a handful of your ass with one hand, as he fists your hair in the other. Taking these movements as a positive reaction, you begin to move your mouth down his length, suctioning

slightly. Steve groans your name, when you suckle the tip.

After a moment, your jaw gets slightly sore, so you pull away, wrapping your hand loosely around the base. You instinctively move your hand up and down his length as you lick the vein on the underside. The man underneath you grasps your hair in both hands.

“Can you do what you were doing before? The whole up and down thing?”

You hum against him in response, before acquiescing. Thinking quickly, you move your head and hand in sync, bobbing up and down on his dick. He only allows this to go on for a moment more, before he gently pulls you up.

You give him a questioning look. “That bad?”

He laughs. “Are you kidding me?” His arms wrap around you, as he gives you a tight hug. “The exact opposite. I didn’t want to blow my load, before I showed you a good time, F/N.”

Steve rips open the condom foil, rolling it down his length. “Last chance, F/N. You sure you want me to be the one?”

You nod. “I couldn’t be more sure.”

He smiles, guiding you to lay down. Licking his lips quickly, he leans down to kiss you passionately. You feel him guide you to spread your legs for him. His arms guide one of your legs to rest around his waist. Your eyes meet his, when he pulls away. As he lines up with your entrance, he never breaks eye contact.

At first, he only goes in slightly before pulling out, wanting to acclimate you to his size slowly. Each time he thrusts forward, he goes in a little bit more. This continues for several minutes, before he is halfway in. Though the pain is sharp, you wrap your legs around him.

“Just...go the rest of the way, Steve. I promise I can handle it.”

He holds your hip with his left hand, claspings your hand with his other. “Okay, baby. This is gonna hurt a bit. I’m sorry.”

When he finally bottoms out, he lets out a loud groan. “Holy shit, F/N. You’re so fucking *tight*. You feel amazing.”

His face is nuzzled into your neck, pressing soft kisses to the sweaty skin there. Though you can feel his upper arms shaking with effort, he doesn’t move until you tell him he can. When you do, he kisses you fiercely, before resting his forehead against yours.

The movement of his hips is slow at first, and it feels odd, initially, but after a little while, that oddness turns into a heat the likes of which you’ve never experienced before. He’s not moving particularly fast, but you are nearly overwhelmed with the pleasure and the emotions bursting through you.

“St-steve?”

“Yeah, F/N?”

“I love you.”

Steve smiles down at you. “The feeling’s mutual.”

His thrusts come with more force, and Steve is not a quiet lover. He speeds up, lifting one of your legs over his shoulder. At the new angle, you scream out his name in ecstasy.

“I’m get—getting close, baby.” He warns. You just nod.

The hand not holding your leg up trails between your legs and begins rubbing circles into your nub, causing white hot streaks of pleasure to shoot down your spine. It only takes a few more thrusts, before Steve has you scratching lightly down his back in pleasure. He cums with you, moaning your name into your ear, repeatedly.

The two of you ride out your orgasms, before Steve pulls away breathlessly and takes off the condom, tying it off. “Did you mean what you said?”

You cuddle up into his side and kiss his chest. “Yeah. You?”

He laughs, wrapping his arms around you. “Fuck yes.”

“That mean we’re together now?”

“Only if I can be the boyfriend.”

“Works for me, because I want to be the girlfriend.” You laugh into his chest.

He chuckles with you, pulling your blanket over the two of you, as you drift off into a comfortable sleep.

5. Of Stars and Trapper Keepers (Steve Harrington/Reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

Anonymous asked: Hi! Could I request a Steve Harrington x reader where the reader is really into stars and outer space and Steve thinks it's really cute so he buys her star stickers and she puts one on his nose. Basically just really cute fluff Thanks

One night in mid-August, 1985, you are cuddling with your boyfriend, Steve Harrington, under the stars, his arm underneath your head.

“Okay, F/N, since you like the stars so much, what’s your favorite constellation?”

“Cassiopeia. The story behind it is so interesting, Steve,” you say, a dreamy quality to your voice. When he looks over to you, a questioning look on his face, you trace the W of her five main stars.

“Queen Cassiopeia was so convinced that she was beautiful that she took on the gods themselves. When they disagreed, she chained her own daughter, Andromeda, to the coast, to allow her to be eaten by the monster.”

Steve rolls onto his side to face you, an incredulous look on his face. “That’s a seriously messed up story. What the hell?”

“I didn’t say it was a *good* story! I just said it was interesting!”

He laughs, pulling you over to him. “Can you point out the Big and Little Dippers for me?”

“You mean Ursas Major and Minor?” You stick your tongue out at him playfully.

“Sure, whatever.” He sits up to look more intently at the sky.

“You’re never going to pass Astronomy 101, if you can’t even find the easiest constellations, Steve.”

“That’s *why* I’m taking the class!”

You giggle. “So you can pinpoint constellations?”

He shakes his head, his hair bobbing slightly. “No. It’s so I can learn more about your passions. I want to be able to talk about your favorite things with you, baby.”

There’s a sudden, insatiable urge to hug your boyfriend of eight months bursting through your veins, and you intend to do just that. Your arms wrap around him tightly, and you nuzzle your face into his chest.

“What’s this for, F/N? Not that I, uh, mind or anything.” He wraps his arms around you, kissing the top of your head.

“I have no idea what I did to deserve someone as amazing as you in my life.”

Your words are muffled, but he obviously hears them, because you can feel him smile against the top of your head. He keeps you in his arms for another few moments, before he pulls away.

“I just remembered! I got you a little something, princess.”

“You didn’t have to, Steve...”

“I wanted to. Besides, it’s really just something silly. Nothing major.”

You bite your lip. “Okay, then what is it?”

He grins a large, boxy grin at you, before he rummages through the pocket of his snug jeans. In his hand is a small foil package. “So I know you keep a Trapper Keeper of stickers in your room—”

“No I don’t –”

“Don’t lie to me, baby. I’ve seen it. I think it’s abso-fucking-lutely adorable.”

You bite your lip, blushing, before he continues speaking. “And I know you love space...So when I saw these at the five and dime, I had to grab them. Like I said, it’s nothing special, but...here.”

He hands you the sticker packet, and you audibly squeal. “Oh my God, Steve! I’ve been looking for these exact stickers for, like, three months!”

“Wait, seriously?”

“Yes! They’re limited edition! Do you see how they’re silvery, instead of just plain, old stickers? These are collectible!”

“You are *such* a nerd.”

“You love me, anyway!”

He moves behind you, wrapping his arms around you, as you sit between his legs. “Yeah, I really do, F/N. I really see a future with you, baby.”

You turn around and smile over your shoulder at him. “I do, too, Steve Harrington.”

He pecks you lightly, which you more than happily reciprocate. A moment later, you turn around more fully in his lap, nearly straddling him.

Steve quirks an eyebrow, his hands falling to your hips, until you place a sticker on his nose. Rather than be upset, he can’t help but smile at the grin of pure joy on your face. You grab your Polaroid camera and take a flash picture of him with the sticker on his face. As you shake it out, Steve grabs the camera from you and takes a picture of you, as well.

“Let’s take one together!” you exclaim, and Steve just laughs, before angling the camera up so that the two of you are both in the shot. His arm wraps tightly around your shoulder and kisses your cheek, his eyes squinted shut, right as the flash of the camera goes off.

You bite your lips as you smile and look over the pictures and your new stickers. “Tonight has been perfect, Steve.”

“Even though you wasted a *collectible* sticker on my nose?”

“It was a repeat, don’t worry!”

Your boyfriend laughs and hugs you from behind again. “God, I love you, F/N L/N.”

You lean over and kiss his cheek. “I love you, too, Steve Harrington.”

6. Careless Whisper Steve Harrington/Reader

Summary for the Chapter:

“brookssbabe.tumblr.com said:

Hi I was wondering if you could please do one where the reader believes that Steve still has feelings for Nancy when they are on the bus trying to fight the demodogs so he breaks up with her since she doesn't trust him?”

And

“Anonymous said:

Could you write one for the "quiet me" with Steve? Maybe she has a panic attack or something and Steve is there to help her calm down during/after?”

It's in the quiet moments that you really start to question yourself and your relationship with Steve Harrington. The last few hours have been so hectic, what with setting up traps and building a fort inside of a decrepit school bus, that you haven't had the chance to think about how Steve and Nancy have spent so much time together in the last few weeks.

It isn't that you don't trust your boyfriend. You trust him with your *life*. It's just that...Nancy Wheeler is widely considered to be one of the most beautiful girls in the school, even if she isn't the most popular. Hawkins High is a rather small school, after all, with only about 350 students, total. Everyone knows everyone, and even the less popular kids are talked about...And everything about Nancy Wheeler is always good. She has a fantastic future ahead of her, she's smart, she's responsible, she's gorgeous, on and on and on.

In comparison, you feel like a nothing. You're not in the best shape, you don't wear the best clothes, your hair isn't always in the hottest style of the season, you need glasses, you spend hours every day studying, just to stay afloat. Honestly, you're as average as average

can get.

Through the haze of your negative thoughts, you feel a hand gently clasp yours. You look up, meeting Steve's eyes. In order to avoid bringing Dustin into your conversation, he leans over and whispers in your ear, "Is everything okay, baby?"

You bite your lip. "I'm just stressing out."

"Yeah, this is some crazy shit."

"N-not about this, Steve."

He raises his eyebrows. "What about then?"

"You're going to get mad at me."

"Um...are you cheating on me?"

"What?! Of course not!"

Steve shrugs. "Then I won't get mad."

"You have to promise."

He holds up his pinkie, gesturing for you to link yours with his. "Pinkie promise."

With a deep sigh, you glance over at Dustin. The curly-haired kid is busy counting specks of dirt on the floor. You really don't want to have this conversation in front of the younger teen, but it seems like Steve won't let up until you get your anxieties off your chest.

"I've just..." You pause, clearing your throat. "Are you still in love with Nancy?"

The older teen's jaw drops. "Excuse me?"

"Are you still in love with Nancy Wheeler?"

"O-of course not, F/N? What have I possibly done to make you think otherwise?"

“You promised you wouldn’t get mad...” Your voice shrinks in response to his slightly raised tone.

His nostrils flare, as he takes a deep breath. “You’re right; I did. Fine. Sorry.” Under his breath, you think you hear him say something along the lines of ‘what am I apologizing for?’, but you choose to ignore it.

“You’ve been spending so much time with her, and my friend Bev said she saw you guys at Benny’s. Alone.”

Steve bites his lip, rubbing the back of his neck. “So you’re saying you don’t trust me.”

“That’s not what I’m saying at all!”

“That’s sure as hell what it sounds like, F/N.”

From the top of the bus, you hear Lucas shout something about the creature showing up, but it’s not taking the bait, so Steve stands up. “Look, if you can’t trust me in our relationship, I’m not sure you can trust me on the battlefield. Just...stay in here.”

“Are you breaking up with me, Steve Harrington?”

His brow furrows, his nostrils flaring again. “If that’s what you want to take it as, yes.”

“But this is suicide, Steve! You can’t go by yourself.”

“Watch me.” Your boyfriend – ex-boyfriend? – storms out of the decrepit bus, an unreadable look on his face, right after tossing his beloved lighter to Dustin.

Dustin clears his throat. “He’s...he’s gonna be fine, F/N. I’m sure of it.”

“Why should that matter to me, Dustin? He doesn’t love me, so why should I care?” The tears in your eyes are threatening to spill over.

Not only are you worried about the state of your relationship, but you’re worried about whether Steve will even survive his encounter

with the monster.

“Oh shit...” You hear Dustin say.

“What? What is it?” It’s hard to mask the fear and concern in your voice.

“There’s more than one of them.” He immediately begins calling for Steve, telling him to run.

A moment later, you’re pulling the door of the bus closed. Your entire body screams for you to hug Steve, thankfully he’s alive, but it isn’t the best time. Instead, you just avoid eye contact with him, until you hear the girl, Max, scream in fear.

Readying your cleaver, you push her behind you. “Just stay back there.”

“Fuck, F/N. Your cleaver doesn’t have reach!” Steve pushes you behind him, in turn, and thrusts his bat towards the demo-what-the-fuck-ever trying to come into the bus.

Your entire body is thrumming with terror, but you don’t want the kids to see it, so you just huddle them together and watch Steve try to take the monster on. Max, in particular, is clutching to your torn shirt, her breathing ragged. In response, you just hold her closer, whispering calming words into her ear.

After a few moments, the clamor against the sides of the bus suddenly stops. You pull away from Max and whisper the same thing everyone is thinking. “What the hell is going on?”

“We need to follow them,” says one of the boys. You’re too shaken to really be certain which.

You nod in agreement, though. “Definitely. Let’s go.”

Before you can follow Steve and the rest of them, though, he lightly pushes you away. “Can you trust us?”

Your brow furrows. “Obviously I can.”

“But can you trust me?” he asks in a whisper, following the kids closely.

“I’d trust you with my life.”

“But you won’t trust me with my ex-girlfriend.”

Tears prickle your eyes as you respond. “It’s just...you guys have so much history. And she’s so much better than I am, in every possible way.”

Steve’s eyes widen, and he grabs your hand. “What do you *mean* she’s better than you? Are you crazy?”

“She gets straight-A’s, everyone says she’s, like, the prettiest girl in school, and you guys dated for *months*! And you saved her life last year!”

Steve’s thumb rubs comforting circles on the back of your hand. “Baby, Nancy doesn’t hold a candle to you.”

“But she’s so skinny and pretty and smart and—”

“And you’ve got so many other talents. Nancy can’t drive me to study and actually pay attention in school the way you can. She doesn’t have the ability to get me excited for college and the future. She doesn’t get this adorable look on her face when she talks about George Michael or Cyndi Lauper or Madonna. *You* do.”

“But what...what about you and her hanging out alone?”

Steve coughs, an embarrassed look on his face. “Your birthday is coming up, dumbass. I don’t know nearly enough about girls. Learned that the hard way last year. Still learning it the hard way.”

A surge of warmth fills you, as the realization of his meaning dawns on you. Even though the kids are more than a hundred feet ahead of you, you yank your boyfriend into a hug and pull him down for a kiss.

“I love you, Steve Harrington. Thank you for always putting up with me.”

Steve wipes the tears, which you hadn't realized escaped from your eyes, off your cheeks. "I always will. Now come on, we need to go kick ass, baby girl."

He grabs your hand and runs after the three younger teens, a wide grin on his face.

7. Eye of the Tiger 1/? Steve Harrington/Reader

Summary for the Chapter:

“Anonymous said:

steve harrington x reader where billy began fighting with steve and the reader just walks over and punches billy in the jaw and then the nose, and then slams his head with the plate and steve is just shook and the reader tells billy to stay away from her kids and he doesn't run the school, she does”

“Oh *shit*,” Max says, her voice tense.

“What’s wrong, kid?” you ask her, your entire body tense. Tonight has been crazy event after crazy event. You honestly have no clue what, exactly, is going on, but you’re going to protect these kids until your dying breath, damn it.

“My brother.”

The tone in the redhead’s voice tells you everything you need to know. It’s the tone of voice you used to use about Damien, your ex-boyfriend. Hell, it’s the tone of voice your mom used when talking about your dumpster fire of an excuse of a father.

You immediately stand up. Steve looks at you, a concerned look on his face. “Let me take care of him. I know how to deal with people like him.”

“F/N...come on, don’t do that. He hates me. Let me take care of it.” Steve’s voice is quiet, in an attempt to keep the curious middle schoolers from overhearing your private conversation.

You push the tall male out of your way. “I can fucking handle myself, Harrington.”

Before Steve can get a word in edgewise, you storm out of the house. “Sup, douchenozzle?”

Billy’s eyebrow raises, a debonair smirk on his face. “Well, well, well,

what's the sexy F/N L/N doing at the Byers' house?"

"None of your business, creep."

He puts a hand over his heart, a look of mock heartbreak on his face. "You wound me, F/N. Anyway, I see Harrington's car here. Where's my sister?"

"Your sister isn't here, assface."

"Uh, then who the fuck is that?"

You glance behind you and see four faces panic and duck beneath the window. *Idiots!* Billy Hargrove pushes past you and storms into the Byers residence. You rush to follow him, a wave of adrenaline passing through you.

"I saw that creepy Sinclair kid here, too! I thought I told you to stay the fuck away from my sister!"

Steve grabs Billy's arm, as he tries to follow Lucas. The mustachioed teen just yanks Harrington's arm off of him, a snarl on his face.

"You're fucking dead, Sinclair."

In the background, you hear Max yell something about leaving the black boy alone, but all you can focus on is Steve punching Billy in the face. Normally, you'd roll your eyes over Steve Harrington trying to get in a fight again, but this time, you just ready yourself, as well.

Your friend might be concerned that you'd freeze in terror over a boy trying to hurt you, but after your ex, you learned quite a few self-defense tactics, courtesy of Chief Hopper and the gym teacher at school. Honestly, you might even be a better fighter than your best friend – not that you'd ever tell him.

Your blood boils, when you see Billy lifting a plate. "Oh no, no, no. Not so fast, you fuckface."

Before he even has the chance to fully move his arm, you clock him in the jaw. When he moves to recoil, you duck and deck him in the nose. There's a loud *crrrrrrrrrrrkkkk* from his nose, and he shouts in

pain, as blood begins pouring from his nose.

“Holy shit, L/N! Where’d you learn to do that?” You hear Dustin ask loudly from the other room. You just ignore him and remain in position.

Billy licks the blood from his top lip, a crazed look coming to his eyes as he grins at you. In a salacious his voice, he says, “Damn, F/N. A woman with fire is the sexiest thing I can imagine. We should go out, sometime.”

You try to hold yourself back from gagging. “As if I’d ever go out with someone who abuses his sister and attacks her friend, just because he’s black.”

Billy scoffs, and you see him reach for one of the drying knives behind him. “She’s my *step*-sister. Not my sister. That thing would never be my sister.”

When he swings the knife at you, you grab his wrist and twist it, causing him to drop the knife. He just laughs at you and leans in, whispering, “God, I’ve never been more turned on in my life.”

You can no longer keep the utter disgust from displaying on your face. You grab a dish from behind you and smash it over his head. His eyes go wide, and he falls to the kitchen floor. Immediately, he skitters back into the living room. As he tries to get up, you kick him in the side.

“Hey, jackass!” He makes eye contact with you, a mischievous grin once again rising to his face. “Stay the fuck away from these kids. If I so much as see you *breathe* near Lucas Sinclair, I will castrate you.”

At his confused look, you allow yourself to smile evilly down at him. “I’ll cut your balls off, Hargrove. Then I’ll cook them and feed them to you.”

“Is this your way of saying you want my dick, L/N? All you gotta do is ask.”

Steve slams his nail-ridden bat between Billy’s legs, mere centimeters from his aforementioned dick. “She said no, asshole.”

“50 no’s and a yes is still a yes.”

You’re right about to punch the fuckwit in the face again, when Max slams something into his neck. Your eyebrows raise, and you look over at the redhead.

She shrugs. “It’s that shit we drugged Will with, earlier.”

“Damn, that’s smart thinking, kid.”

Will speaks up. “So, uh, about that plan about the tunnels...”

“Uh, yeah, that’s a no.” Steve shoots the kids down, once again, but you bite your lip.

“I agree with the kids, Steve. We should do what we can to help. What if Eleven gets overwhelmed? I imagine closing the gate is going to be hard as shit.”

“I’m not putting these shitheads in danger. Their lives are in my hands!”

“Fine, then I’ll take them off your hands, since you’re too much of a fucking pussy to do what needs to be done. I thought you were a brave person, Steve. That you’d changed. I thought we were friends. But fuck this.”

You snag Billy’s keys from his pocket. “Kids, help me grab the gas, some goggles, and bandanas. We leave in ten. If Steve grows a pair, he can come, too. I’m driving.”

The entire time you and the kids are grabbing supplies, Steve is grumbling and trying to reason with you. After a moment, you whirl on him. “Steve, we have to *do* something. If El can’t close the gate, we’re all fucked, anyway! We need to do something to *help*!”

He runs a hand through his hair. “But I don’t want anything to happen to you or the shitheads.”

“Then I guess you should just come with and protect us, then,” you say it with far less sarcasm than you intended, and you realize with a start that you really want Steve to come, because you’ll feel safer

with him. You might be able to kick ass, but having your best friend there would really help calm your nerves.

8. She's a Beauty Steve Harrington/Henderson!Reader

Summary for the Chapter:

“Anonymous said:

Can you do a fic where Steve goes to Dustin's house to pick him up. And Dustin is getting something while Steve is sitting on the couch and Steve hears Dustin's sister singing and is kind of blown away because he knows her because of the demogorgan And he asks her out??? Thanks sorry if it's too detailed

Dustin starts when he hears a loud banging on the door. That must be Steve! He'd totally forgotten. *Shit*. The fourteen year old nearly trips over himself as he rushes to the front door. “Hey, Steve! Why don't you sit on the couch for a sec. I forgot to grab enough quarters for the arcade.”

Steve lets out a world-weary sigh. “Yeah, yeah, whatever, shithead. Just make it quick, okay? You don't wanna be at the arcade, when it's adult hours. There's some weird creeps.”

Dustin just rolls his eyes and runs throughout the house. He considers going to your room, but he hears “Girls Just Wanna Have Fun” blaring through your stereo, so he thinks better of it. You'll just bitch him out.

As he skitters throughout the house, you attempt to ignore the loud clanging. You have a girls' night at Becky's tonight, after all! When “Bad Reputation” comes up on your mixtape, though, you actually start loudly singing along.

“I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation,” you scream along to the song, pretending to play air guitar along with it. “You're living in the past, it's a new generation!”

A moment later, Dustin is banging on your door. “F/N! Dude! Shut up!”

Instead of listening to him, you just turn your stereo on louder,

raising your voice along with it. Your curls are getting tangled from the force of your headbanging, but you can't be bothered to care. Becky can just wait for you to show up.

Steve, meanwhile, is trying to hold back his laughter as he hears you singing off-key. Normally he'd find it annoying, but all he can do is envision you dancing around your bedroom, and it's the cutest thing he can think of. With the mental excuse of helping Dustin look for quarters, Steve sneaks over to your bedroom door and slides it open slowly.

He leans against the door frame, an adoring smile on his face, his arms crossed, as he watches you dance around. Your eyes are closed as you shout the lyrics, and your curls are wilder than he thinks he's ever seen them. Most adorable, though, is the fact that you're only wearing an oversized shirt, fluffy socks, and leg warmers. Steve bites his lip to keep from giggling laughing at how cute you're being.

A moment later, the song switches to "Dirty Laundry", and Steve actually throws his head back, lightly thunking it against the wall, as you move your body theatrically to the synthesizer's slow, dramatic beat. Dustin suddenly comes up and whacks Steve on the arm, throwing him out of his trance. When Steve glances down at the slightly shorter teen, Dustin just gives him a wide-eyed "what the fuck" look, gesturing for him to leave the vicinity.

Dustin closes the door quietly behind them, somehow with you left none the wiser. The curly-haired boy leads Steve to the living room. "What the hell was *that*, Steve?"

Inwardly, Steve grimaces at having been caught. Outwardly, he just tosses the kid a nonchalant shrug. "What do you mean?"

"You were *watching* my *sister*. What the hell?"

Steve thrusts a hand through his hair. "I dunno, dude. It's nothing."

"You...you *like her*, don't you?"

Steve rushes over, covering the younger boy's mouth, a wild look in his eyes. There's nearly a zero percent chance that you could have

possibly overheard, but Steve really doesn't want you hearing something as...crazy – yeah, crazy – from your brother. A moment later, Dustin licks the palm of Steve's hand.

“Just admit it, dude. You like F/N.”

Steve sighs. “Look, maybe, okay? She was really awesome a few months ago, with the shit with the gate and El and the ‘dogs. It's...it's not like I want to feel this way.”

Dustin raises an eyebrow. “So...what about Nancy?”

“She moved on two days after dumping me, if that. I moved on ages ago, too. But look, dude, I'm not going to do anything, because our friendship – yours and mine – is way too important for me to risk it. If she and I were to break up badly, I'd never feel comfortable hanging out with you again, you know?”

Dustin heaves a long sigh. “But what about you and Nance? You guys still hang out sometimes.”

“That's different.”

“How? How is it different, dude? Nancy broke your heart. She has a younger brother in the Party. She knows about all this shit. Sounds pretty similar, man. I think you like her, and if you break her heart, I'll literally murder you.” Dustin pauses for a second. “Why won't you just admit it, man?”

“Because, F/N is special.”

“I'm what?” you ask, walking into the room. You're still not fully dressed – you'd had no idea that Steve and Dustin were still here, since they were due to have left almost twenty minutes ago. In fact, the only thing that's changed since you were dancing around is that you're in the middle of tying up your consistently-unruly hair.

Steve's eyes go wider than you've ever seen them. His mouth is gaping open, sputtering like a fish. Your brother turns bright red and starts waving his hands around emphatically.

Dustin steps in for Steve. “Steve was just saying that you're...uh...

really smart! He was saying that your, uh, tutoring talents are really special. That everyone wants you to be their tutor!”

You scoff. “I wish. I could use some money, so I can fix the shitty engine on my car.”

“I bet Steve would love to have you tutor him! Maybe you can tutor him tonight, while I’m in the arcade with the guys?”

Steve whirls on Dustin. “Uh, yeah, no. I need to actually keep an eye on you guys. You know how Joyce is.”

You shrug. “I could come with? I was about to cancel my plans with Becky, anyway. Not feeling up to dealing with her preppy ass.”

Dustin and Steve exchange a look, before Dustin responds to you. “How long will it take you to get dressed, sis?”

For the first time all night, you look down at your attire and flush. “It’ll be just a minute. Shit, I can’t believe I walked in front of you guys, wearing this. How inappropriate...”

True to your word, it only takes you a few moments to change into a better fitting shirt and some leggings. You grab your backpack, just in case, tossing it over your shoulder.

“Alright, losers, let’s get going. Dustin, let me guess. You need money?”

He nods, sheepish. “You have any quarters?”

“Yup, seven dollars. You owe me, dude.” You toss him your coin purse, and he shouts in joy.

Though you expect him to choose the front seat, Dustin slides into the backseat, leaving you to take the front seat in Steve’s BMW. You curiously watch as Steve shoots your brother a frustrated look, and a wave of embarrassment washes over you. “I...I don’t have to come along, Steve. Sorry; I didn’t mean to intrude on your boys’ night. I know you guys are close friends. I can just go back inside.”

Dustin shouts, “No!” at the same time as Steve wildly shakes his

head, his hair flopping into his face.

“It’s not that. I swear. Please come with us.” Steve’s urging quells your anxiety slightly, so you climb into the front seat, buckling your seatbelt.

When the engine roars to life, you audibly gasp at the song on the radio. “Oh my gosh, it’s Michael Jackson!”

Dustin groans. “Oh, God, not Thriller...Please don’t start singing, F/N!”

“But thIS IS THRILLER!”

Steve glances over at you, laughing, before he pulls out of your driveway and starts driving to the arcade. Despite your brother’s obvious annoyance and embarrassment, you even mime the famous dance, during the ride. At a few stoplights, Steve even joins you in the famous hand movements.

“Oh my freaking God, you guys are perfect for each other.” You hear your brother mutter under his breath, and suddenly, you don’t feel like dancing and singing anymore. You’re too aware of the *very* attractive male driving the car.

Steve shoots you a questioning glance as he pulls into the arcade’s parking lot. Before he has the chance to say anything, Dustin slams the back door. “I’ll be at the Dig Dug machine!”

You watch intently as Steve licks his lips, though you desperately he doesn’t notice your gaze. “You, uh, you heard what Dustin said, didn’t you, F/N?”

Biting your lip, you nod. “He’s, uh, he’s just a kid, though, Steve. Don’t...don’t stop hanging out with him, please. He didn’t mean to offend you.”

“*Offend* me? Henderson, you really think he *offended* me?”

Averting your gaze, you once again nod. “I mean, you’re *you* Steve, and I’m *me*.”

Steve curses under his breath, before running his hand through his hair. “You know, I was at the house for a while.”

Though you wonder why he’s suddenly changing the subject, you just roll with it. “Oh really?”

“Yeah. Did you know you’re *really* fucking cute when you’re dancing around your bedroom and pretending to be badass?”

“Pretending?” Wait. Does that mean he *saw* you?! “Oh my God, you saw!”

“Yeah. I did. Dustin caught me and was giving me a hell of a talking to about you and me.”

Your eyes widen. “Oh my God, I’m so sorr—”

“Let me finish, F/N. I told him that I was too afraid to ask you out, basically. You’re special, F/N. I don’t think I’m good enough for you, and when you inevitably break my heart, I’d never be able to hang out with Dustin again. It’d be too painful.”

Your brows furrow. “But what about Nancy?”

“She’s *different*, F/N. She’s not *you*.”

“Don’t my feelings matter to you at all, Steve Harrington?”

“Of *course* they do, F/N.”

Your brows furrow, and you unbuckle your seatbelt. Before Steve can say another *God damn* word, you pull him towards you by the back of his neck and press your lips fiercely on his. He makes a sound of surprise, before he melts into the kiss. His closed hand brushes across your cheek, before he palms your cheek, his fingertips brushing your ear.

As you continue kissing him, you wind your arms around the back of his neck, and his other hand moves to cup your other cheek. His caresses are adoring, loving, and careful, as if he’s afraid to break you – to break the moment, to ruin the fantasy.

Eventually, though, you must break away for breath, and you let out a breathless chuckle, which blows the stray hairs out of Steve's eyes. He licks his lips, his hands still cupping your cheeks, his eyes searching your face for...something.

"Steve," you whisper. "I seriously think I'm falling in love with you, and I think we'd be stupid not to see where this goes."

"But..."

"I know that Nancy utterly *destroyed* you, but I won't. Even if, God forbid, we did break up, I would never, *ever* come between your friendship with Dustin. Our dad's a piece of shit. He needs a reliable male influence in his life." You brush the hairs at the base of his neck, rubbing concentric, soothing circles into the skin. "And Steve... you're so perfect for that spot. I couldn't think of a better older brother figure for Dusty."

Steve clears his throat. "F/N..."

"Steve, you don't have to give me your answer, now, but...I know you feel the same way I do. Please." You pull away from him slowly, before climbing out of the car.

As you walk into the arcade, you see him still sitting in the car, staring at his steering wheel. Over your shoulder, you call to him. "I'll be waiting, Steve. Don't make me wait long."

Before you can even walk into the building, you feel a tug on your arm. You're twirled into a familiar-smelling chest. Steve's lifts your chin with a gentle finger, quickly smashing his lips passionately to yours. The two of you only pull away when you hear your brother distinctly shout, "Finally!"

Steve is the one to chuckle breathlessly into your face, this time. "You're right, F/N. Let's do this."

9. Always Something There to Remind Me (Jonathan Byers/Reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

anonymous asked:

If you don't mind, could you write a sweet imagine for fem reader and Jonathan Byers because he's the best??? Thank you!

You very rarely find yourself hanging out with your friends lately, because, frankly, it's uncomfortable for you to be around them. Nancy Wheeler, your supposed best friend, *knew* exactly how you felt – still feel – for Jonathan Byers, and she completely betrayed you. Honestly, when she told you, two weeks ago, how she and Jonathan had done *it*, it took everything in you not to slap her right across the face. So much for a best friend!

The girl has the hottest guy in the school as her boyfriend, in theory, but she also wants to go for the guy she *knows* you like! Even now, you find yourself slamming your locker with more force than usual, causing the boy two lockers down to jump in surprise. Oops.

“Sorry, Derek,” you say offhandedly. You ignore his look of bewilderment and stalk towards your next class, which you’re honestly dreading.

The object of your affections, after all, is your lab mate in Advanced Chemistry, and things have gotten progressively more awkward between the two of you, especially after he went to the middle school’s Snow Ball with Nancy. Jonathan gives you an uncomfortable smile when you slam your bag onto the floor next to the desk and sit yourself down. You shoot him an equally strained smile in response, thanking your lucky stars when the bell signaling the start of class rings.

It looks like he wants to say something to you, but you shoot him a glare, gesturing towards the front of the room, where your teacher is writing something on the blackboard. You diligently take notes,

knowing the dreaded midterm is coming up, for the next fifteen or so minutes. You stop, though, when you feel something insistently pressing into your arm.

You look down, out of the corner of your eye, only to see a thickly folded piece of paper being jammed into your arm by your desk mate, whose eyes are solidly on the chalk board, giving nothing away. Rolling your eyes, you jerk the note out of Jonathan's hand. Glancing up, you make sure the teacher's back is to you, before you unfold the lined paper.

'F/N, what gives?' is written in Jonathan's unmistakable chicken scratch.

Heaving a quiet sigh, you scribble your answer back, using the messiest handwriting you can manage – you want him to know you're annoyed at the disturbance. *'Ask Nancy.'*

A moment after you slide the note over to him, he slides it back to you once more. *'What do you mean, ask Nancy? What's going on? Why are you mad at me?'*

'I'm not mad at you.'

'Then why have you been avoiding me for like two weeks, dude?' at this, you roll your eyes and crumple his note, deciding to focus on the teacher's lecture.

However, less than three minutes later, there's another note jabbing into your arm. You wait to read it, until you feel Jonathan's pencil jab into your elbow. Tossing a wary glance towards your teacher, you turn to your desk mate.

"What the hell, Jonathan?" you hiss under your breath, not wanting to piss off your notoriously harsh teacher.

"Oh, now you pay attention," he says under his own breath.

You're right about to respond to him, when the teacher's pointer slams onto the desk between the two of you. "Care to share your conversation with the class, Mr. Byers, Ms. L/N?"

Heat flares in your cheeks, your nostrils flaring in annoyance at the humiliation you're enduring because of Jonathan. "No, sir," you say.

The boy next to you nods in agreement, however your teacher doesn't seem to agree. "Both of you, detention after school today."

Jonathan's eyes widen. He must have to pick up Will or something. "But —"

"No buts. Be in Room 403 at exactly 2:15."

You toss an annoyed glare at Jonathan. You have work this afternoon, but it seems like that won't be happening, which means you'll have to call your boss. Damn it. Making sure he can see exactly what you're doing, you rip the note, which he shoved towards you a few moments ago, into several tiny pieces.

Due to how pissed your boss is over you not being able to come in today, you're ten minutes late to detention. "I'm sorry; I had to call my bo—"

"Don't worry about it, L/N. Teacher's not in here, yet. Nobody knows you're late." Jonathan sounds far more patient with you than you expect, considering it's half your fault that you've ended up in detention.

"Cool." You immediately sit at a desk several rows away from him and take out your Walkman.

"Wait, F/N, can we talk?"

"What about, Byers?"

"Why are you avoiding me?"

You glance up at the tall boy, biting your lip. This is a conversation you *really* don't want to have. Ever. Especially not after a terrible phone call with your boss. "I'm not avoiding you."

"Really?" he asks, incredulous. "You've said more words to me in the last two minutes than the last three days combined. I thought we were friends."

You cringe. “We are.”

“Are we? Because I don’t feel like friends just disappear on each other for no reason.”

“It’s not for no reason!”

“Oh? Then what could possibly be the reason?”

“I...I don’t want to be the third wheel for you and Nancy,” you say finally, your voice near-silent.

Jonathan just gapes at you for a moment. It’s obvious that he wasn’t expecting this to be your response. “Why the hell would you think you’re the third wheel?”

This is where it gets even more awkward. You’re not sure how, exactly, to answer this without making things completely weird between the two of you forever. “Nancy, uh, told me.”

“Told you...what?” His voice is quiet.

“What happened between the two of you. You know. Back in November.”

“But that was almost two months ago, and it didn’t mean anything.”

“You guys had sex, and it meant *nothing* to you, Jonathan?”

“Sex?” Jonathan’s eyes are wild, his face a mask of shock. “You think we had *sex*? We kissed after drinking for, like, three hours.”

“But Nancy said that you guys slept together...”

“Yeah. Slept, F/N. We *slept* together. As in we shared a bed. We didn’t...you know. I would never.”

Your brows furrow. Jonathan looks genuinely confused and maybe even a little bit concerned. “What do you mean you would never?”

“I don’t, uh, feel that way for Nancy.”

“Then why’d you kiss her?”

"We were drunk. Shared trauma and whatever." Jonathan runs a hand fiercely through his hair. "You've gotta believe me, F/N. I seriously don't like her that way, and I don't think she likes me, either."

"But what if she does?"

"She's with Steve, F/N. Yeah, kissing me wasn't the best thing she could have done, but even if we *had* wanted to go further that night, we were both too plastered to actually do anything."

"And the Snow Ball?"

Jonathan's eyebrows raise, as if he's coming to a sudden realization. "Oh, my God, F/N."

A wave of dread runs through you. Something about his tone of voice tells you he *knows*. "What?"

He licks his lips and gets up, walking towards you slowly. His eyes never leave yours. "Be honest with me."

Your heartrate rises with every step he takes towards you. "W-what about?"

When he reaches you, he takes your hand and helps you stand up. The two of you are less than two feet apart, still maintaining solid eye contact. "You know...F/N, Nancy and I went to the Snow Ball together, because the school assigned us to the front end of the volunteer tables. We figured it'd be easier to just carpool."

His voice is a quiet rumble, even quieter than usual. You swallow the sudden lump in your throat. "Why'd you change the subject?" You're surprised that your voice is just as quiet.

Jonathan takes another step towards you; in response, you take a step back, your butt hitting the edge of the desk you just stood up from. "F/N, be honest. Do you think Nancy and I are together?"

"I...I already told you that I do."

"F/N. That's impossible."

“W-why?”

“I’ll get to that.” Another step. There are only inches between the two of you now, and your body is thrumming with electricity. “F/N, are you jealous?”

Your breath stops. The room is so quiet that you can hear Jonathan’s quiet breaths more clearly than you can feel them against your face. You avert your eyes, embarrassed by the proximity. After a moment, though, your heartbeat drowns out all sound. *Thump. Thump. Thump.* Faster and faster. For some reason, you can’t think clearly enough to respond. You should be denying his accusation, pushing him away, *something*.

His hands slowly come up to your face, pushing your hair out of your eyes. Slowly, one of his hands goes down to your chin, tilting your face up to meet his eyes once more. Both of his hands then cup your cheeks. “Well, F/N?”

He licks his lips, which you subconsciously mimic, your eyes trailing leisurely between his eyes and his mouth. You can feel him trail his thumbs slowly across your cheeks, the warmth of his hands even more pressing than your still-fiery blush. His eyes are searching yours, and you remember sluggishly that he asked you a question.

“I...uh...” You swallow the lump in your throat, licking your lips again. “I...what was the question?”

Jonathan’s soft chuckle blows your hair and tickles your face. “Are you jealous of Nancy?”

Too stunned to truly feel ashamed, anymore, you just nod. The look of relief and elation on Jonathan’s face sears itself into your memory. “Oh, thank God.”

His response shocks you into full awareness, your mind suddenly much less hazy. “W-wait, what?”

Jonathan’s smile is blinding, stretching from ear to ear. “F/N, I could never, ever sleep with Nancy, because I don’t feel remotely that way for her.”

“You said that before.”

“The thing is, F/N, I *do* feel that way for someone.” He leans in closer to you, your lips now mere centimeters apart. “You.”

Before you even have the chance to respond or fully comprehend his response, his lips are on yours, soft and insistent. Dazed, you don’t respond for several moments, which causes Jonathan to pull away.

His brow furrows. “F/N? Are you okay?”

“You really feel that way about me?” You answer his question with your own, after several moments of tense silence.

He nods emphatically, his hair bouncing. It takes you another few moments to fully process exactly what has happened in the last few moments, but when you do, your arms fly around him. You can feel his entire body shaking gently with his laughter. “This is really happening, Jonathan?”

“Yeah, yeah it is.”

You tilt your head up towards him. “Can we try that again?”

“Only if I can take you out for dinner on Friday night.”

In response, you just tighten your arms around him, a wide smile on your face. He returns your smile and leans back down, sealing your lips together once again. This time you respond, and he winds his hands into your hair, holding you to him.

*“This is **not** what detention is for!”*

10. Four Puffs 2/3

Dustin and the rest of the younger kids all grumble to high hell when they have to help Steve push your car, because Steve refused to allow you to push your car, saying you know how to control your car best – which is true.

“On the bright side, Dusty,” you say, “at least you don’t have to bike home after helping me start the car!”

“But you’re going to drive around for like 20 minutes to make sure your battery stays alive. I’ve heard your talks with Dad about this shit, F/N.”

You stick your tongue out at him, and the five boys continue pushing your car, while the girl, Max, stands off to the side yelling support. The boys are being “manly men” and refusing to let the girl help, which you think is silly, but whatever.

A few minutes later, your engine roars to a steady purr, and you shout out in excitement, which is quickly echoed by your brother, Steve, and their friends. “Anybody want a ride home?” you ask. “Dusty might be less of a shithead, if he’s got friends with him.”

“Where will we put our bikes, F/N?” Mike asks you.

“Oh, right. I can drive you guys tomorrow, too. I don’t mind. Then you can bike home or whatever.”

“Are you sure, F/N? You never want to help us out.” Your brother can be extremely embarrassing sometimes, holy shit.

“Yes, I’m sure, Dusty. Whoever needs a ride, hop in.”

The kids exchange looks with each other and pile into your car. Steve taps your window before you have the chance to drive off. You roll it back down and give him a questioning look. “Hey, give me a call when you’re done with dinner, okay?”

“I don’t exactly know your number, Harrington.”

“Dustin does.”

You consider it for a moment, and before you have the chance to answer, your brother interjects. “She’ll call you as soon as the dishes are done, okay, Steve?”

The tall teen purses his lips and nods, stepping away from your Beetle. “Drive safe. Don’t need the shitheads getting hurt when I was watching them.”

“Yeah, yeah, Harrington.” You hesitate, feeling awkward. “Thanks a lot. For everything.”

He just smiles at you and waves you off. You remain lost in thought while you drive everyone home over the next twenty minutes. After the last kid is dropped off, your brother climbs into the front seat, next to you.

“So, uh, what’s going on with you and Steve, N/N?”

“Whatcha mean, shithead?”

“What do you mean, what do I mean? Did you not *see* yourself?” Your brother’s voice is taking on that high-pitched, nearly-sarcastic tone he often gets when he’s bewildered.

“Um, no, no I did not ‘see myself’, obviously. I mean *look* at how I’m dressed.” You pause. “Wait, is that what you meant?”

Your brother huffs. “No. I meant how you were acting. You were pretending to be a *girl*.”

“Pretending?! I *am* a girl, Dustin!”

“By definition, only!”

“I will turn this car around! You can walk home!”

“But we’re half a street away!”

“Don’t underestimate my pettiness, you piece of shit!” You slam on the breaks, testing your brother’s gall.

“Ugh. I’m sorry, okay? Just forget it, F/N.”

You take a deep breath. “Alright. We’ll forget it. We’ll have a nice dinner with Mom and Dad, and we’ll pretend we’re a normal family for once.”

Dustin mutters something under his breath, which you can’t hear, so you ask, “What was that?”

“I said, ‘I wish Dad wasn’t here.’”

Eyes bugging, you stare at your brother for a moment, right after pulling into your driveway. “How could you say something like that, Dustin?”

“Every time Dad’s home, Mom doesn’t act like herself, and you’re always tense, okay? We’re never going to be a normal family, so why are you pretending?”

You bite your lip, feeling nearly nauseous, especially after seeing the tears twinkling in your baby brother’s eyes. “Because that’s what family *does*, Dusty,” you finally say, your voice soft.

“Well, I think that’s *bullshit*, N/N. Why should we pretend he gives a shit about us?”

“Because he’s our dad. Come on, let’s just put up with it until dinner’s over. Then he’ll go to bed and be gone by tomorrow, just like always, okay?”

“Fine.” Your brother uncrosses his arms and climbs out of the passenger seat of your car.

Dustin’s not wrong – your dad isn’t the best father. You *do* have to wonder what’s causing your brother to be so up in arms about the dinner, though. Maybe it’s because Steve Harrington is more of a father to your brother than your *actual* father. That’s...an odd thought, for sure.

Dinner is tense – even tenser than usual. Your mother attempts to make conversation, but you and your brother don’t feel up to responding. Dad just sits there, glaring at you. Once or twice, he

mentions that you need to stop “dressing like such a hussy, if you ever want boys to like you,” and all you can do is clench your jaw. You notice Dustin’s fist clench under the table after the second or third negative comment your father has towards you. All you can do is put your hand over his own, under the table, and give him a calming look.

Finally, the dinner is over, and your mother says that she’ll handle everyone’s dishes, shooting you and Dustin a placating look. “I’m going to my room,” your brother says. “Don’t forget to call Steve.”

Oh, right. Dinner had been so uncomfortable that you’d actually completely forgotten, which isn’t normal for you. However, right as you pick up the handset, your father speaks up. “Who’s Steve?”

“Uh, Steve Harrington. He’s Dustin’s babysitter.”

“Thirteen years old, and the kid still needs a babysitter? What the hell, Claudia?”

Your mother glances over from the kitchen sink. “It’s more of Joyce’s insistence than anything else. You know what happened to her boy, Will.”

“Well, that doesn’t explain why the hell the kid’s babysitter is calling our daughter.”

Your mom just sighs. “Focus on your newspaper, sweetheart. Let the kids be kids.”

After a moment, you decide to just take the call in your bedroom, using the phone you bought with your first paycheck from Benny’s. As you pass your brother’s bedroom, you think you overhear him say something about you, but you can’t be bothered to care.

Dustin hears you walk by and immediately quiets down, turning his walkie talkie down. He gets up and quietly closes his door. You must have decided to call Steve from your bedroom instead of the kitchen. Not that he can blame you; Dad is in rare form tonight. Usually he’s abrasive, but tonight he’s been downright aggressive. Work must not be going well.

When your footsteps have fully trailed away, he turns his walkie talkie back on. "Sorry about that, guys. F/N walked by. Didn't want her to overhear. Over."

Lucas is the first to respond. "I really think this idea is stupid."

"Stupid, what?"

"Stupid. OVER."

"Why do you think it's stupid? Over."

Will responds this time. "Because how do you even know they like each other? Over."

Dustin rolls his eyes. "*Because*, dumbasses, did you *see* how they acted together tonight? Is Steve *ever* that helpful? And not to mention F/N! She never acts that girly....Over."

Mike laughs over the channel, causing mild interference. "F/N was actually really cute, tonight. Over."

Your brother's stomach turns at the thought of his friends thinking *you* of all people are *cute*. "Oh, my God. Don't ever say that again, Mike. Over."

"But, anyway, guys, you can't tell me they don't like each other. Over," Dustin says after a moment of silence.

"But even if they do," Mike says, "it's not really our place to do anything. Your plans *never* turn out well, Dustin. Over."

"I agree."

"LUCAS! Over."

"Sorry, Dustin. Your plans never turn out well, though. Remember Dart? Over."

"But..."

"But what, Dustin?" Will's voice is teasing.

“You know *what*, Will. Anyway, I really think this plan could work. All we have to do is tell each of them to pick us up at the arcade or whatever, but we’ll be at Mike’s, playing DnD. Over.”

“But how would we even guarantee they interact and kiss, or whatever, if we’re not there? Over.” Lucas has a good point.

“Then we can follow them. Max has awesome goggles, and we already have the walkie talkies. Over.”

Mike responds. “But what if they see us? Over.”

“They *won’t*! This is foolproof. Over.”

“Fine. I’m in. What about you guys? Lucas, Will? Over.”

Will responds first. “If Mike’s in, so am I. Over.”

“...I really don’t agree with this, but...I guess I’ll help out, if we can get Max involved, too. She’s a girl, so she’ll know what F/N will want to hear, or whatever. Over.”

Dustin rolls his eyes. “You just want to bring your *girlfriend* along. Over.”

“That too! Over.” Dustin can literally *hear* the shit-eating grin that he knows is painted over his friend’s face.

“Okay, we’ll talk more about it tomorrow, during DnD. Over.” Your brother has a very good feeling about all of this.

You take a deep breath as you dial the number your brother handed to you right before he rushed off to his room. It rings three times before the tell-tale click announces that someone has picked up the phone.

“Hello?” asks a voice you automatically know is Steve, which strikes you as weird, since the two of you don’t have that much interaction, except when your brother is around.

“Hey, Steve. It’s F/N Henderson.”

“Oh, hey! You remembered!”

You can't help the grin spreading across your face. “Of course I did! What did you want to talk about?”

“Right, right. I wanted to, uh, ask how many bottles of the Farrah Fawcett spray you needed.”

“H-how many do you have?” you ask, almost concerned.

“I have a stockpile of, like, way more than I should have. When I heard they were discontinuing it, I kiiiiind of maybe bought every bottle I could find.”

“Holy shit, *you're* the reason I haven't been able to find it anywhere!”

Steve laughs. “Guilty as charged.”

“Well...It takes me about three months to go through a bottle, assuming Dusty doesn't *fucking steal it*.”

“So, you need, like, four, then?”

“You can spare four?”

“Sure. I have like twenty bottles.”

“Oh, my God, Steve Harrington, I think I love you.” After your outburst, the line goes dead silent for several moments, making you feel awkward. “Uh, um, I mean...”

Steve coughs. “Anyway, yeah, I can give them to you tomorrow when you drop the kids off at the Byers' house.”

“O-okay, yeah, thanks. Goodnight Steve. I'll see you tomorrow.”

“Yeah, sleep well, F/N.”

You hang up only after you hear the click of him hanging up. Immediately, you lean over and scream into your pillow. You're such an *idiot*; how could you have said you think you love him? Holy fucking *shit*. Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

All you can do is mutter curses to yourself the entire time you're getting ready for bed, completely humiliated by your faux pas on the phone. It even takes you at least an hour longer than usual to fall asleep.

"Let's go, shithead, we're going to be late. Unless you don't want to pick your friends up on time?" Today, you are wearing *much* nicer clothes than yesterday. No way in hell are you going to be seen by Steve Harrington in clothes as ratty as what you wore yesterday. *Especially* not after mortifying yourself over the phone.

"Jesus Christ, F/N, what the hell are you wearing?"

You glance down at yourself, in response to your brother's disgusted tone. You're just in a long, nicely-fitting shirt, bright leggings, and normal shoes. "What's wrong with what I'm wearing?"

"You're wearing *makeup*. We're just going to Will's house, not a party."

"Oh, shut up."

"I bet it's for *Steeeeeve*," your brother says in a teasing tone.

"You can walk. I have no problem just driving your friends."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Want to try me, shithead?"

"Sorry, F/N," he says finally.

"Damn straight. Let's go. We're seriously running late. Why do you spend so much time on your hair, these days?"

"*Because*, Steve's really cool, okay?"

You chuckle. "Yeah, okay."

The boys and girl are standing outside their houses, waiting for you, when you drive up, so it takes much less time than you actually expected to get to the Byers household. Steve actually pulls up after

you do.

“Long time, no see,” you say sarcastically, a small grin on your face.

Steve hands you a brown paper bag. “Here.”

“Thanks, Harrington.”

“Don’t mention it, Henderson. Anyway, you staying?”

You glance at your brother. “Only if he’s cool with it.”

Dustin exchanges looks with his friends, seeming to have a silent conversation with them. “Yeah, sure. You guys can watch a movie, while we play DnD. Sound good?”

“Sounds fine to me. Steve?”

“Yeah, that’s fine. What kinda movies you got here, Will?”

Dustin ushers Will, Lucas, Mike, and Max into the furthest corner of the living room, just at the edge of Steve’s peripheral vision. “Remember, shithheads, play quietly or play in the kitchen,” Steve calls over to them. “We’re starting the movie. Don’t leave the house.”

“That’s fine! Let’s go to the kitchen, guys,” Will says, a conspiratorial look in his eyes.

The five teens carry their DnD supplies to the kitchen and toss it all haphazardly on the table. Mike clears his throat. “Okay, Dustin, so what are we going to do?”

Your brother straightens out the DnD shit, so that they all have a plausible excuse, if, God forbid, you or Steve suddenly come into the kitchen to check on the kids. “Okay, so, we need a realistic reason for them to meet each other at, say, the theater.”

Max speaks up. “Doesn’t that stupid romantic comedy come out next weekend? *Just One of the Guys*, or whatever?”

Dustin nods. “Yeah, yeah it does. Maybe we could buy tickets. I bet F/N would be willing to go with me...and then I could ditch her

there, saying I have to go to the bathroom.”

Will tilts his head. “Couldn’t you do that with Steve, too? And then just make it so they’re forced to sit together?”

“Holy shit, yeah, that’s a great idea. And we could sit a couple rows behind them, to make sure everything goes to plan.”

Mike grins. “I think this could actually work.”

Lucas shakes his head, though. “I’m not sure.”

“Oh come *on*, Lucas, this is foolproof!”